

JOHNY FAA,

or the

Gypsie Laddie

An Old Scots Song

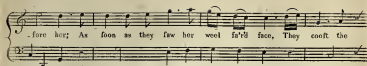
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SLOW

The gypsies came to our Lord's yett, And vow but they sang
sweetly; They sang fae sweet, and fae complest, That down came the fair
Lady: When she came tripping down the stair, And a' her maids be



(2)

Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,
 And bring to me a plaidie;
 For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
 I'll follow the gypsy laddie.
 Yestreen I lay in a weel made bed,
 And my good Lord beside me;
 This night I'll be in a tenack barn,
 Whatever shall beside me.

(3)

Oht come to your bed says Johnny Fas,
 Oht come to your bed, my deary;
 For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,
 That you or Lord that nae mair come near ye.
 I'll go to bed to my Johnny Fas,
 And I'll go to bed to my deary;
 For I vow and swear by what gait yestreen,
 That my Lord shall nae mair come near me.

(4)

I'll make a hap to my Johnny Fas,
 And I'll make a hap to my deary;
 And he's got a' the coat gars round,
 And my Lord shall nae mair come near me.
 And when our Lord came hame at e'en
 And speir'd for his fair Lady,
 The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
 She's awa wi' the gypsy laddie.

(5)

Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,
 Gae saddle and make him ready;
 Before that I either eat or sleep,
 I'll go seek my fair Lady.
 And we were fifteen well made men,
 Altho' we were nae bonny;
 And we are a' put down for aye,
 The Earl of Caithness' Lady.